Volume LXXI CHICAGO, JUNE 5, 1913 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

JUNE

June in the grass!
Dasies and buttercups, lo, they surpass
Coined gold of kings; and for greendom, the rose,
Bloom of the month, see how stately she goes;
Blow, winds, and waft me the breathings of flowers:
June's in her bowers.

June overhead!
All the birds know it, for swift they have sped
Northward, and now they are singing like mad;
June is full-tide for them, June makes them glad.
Hark, the bright choruses greeting the day—
Sorrow, away!

June in the heart!
Dormant dim dreamings awake and upstart,
Blood courses quicker, some sprite in my feet
Makes rhythm of motion, makes wayfaring sweet;
So, outward or inward, the meaning is clear;
Summer is here.

—RICHARD BURTON.

CONTENTS

To a Baby of the Twentieth Century—James Harcourt West 211

EDITORIAL—
Notes 211
Another Unitarian Tempest in Boston 212
A Lincoln Centre Farm 213
Edward Everett Hale, Our Peace Nestor—*Edwin D. Mead* 215
Are Times Growing Better—James G. Townsend 215

THE PULPIT—
Francis David—William C. Gannett 216

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of the Hebrew Religion. Lesson XIV. The Great Unknown 220

THE FIELD—
Our Greatest Wrong 221
The Spanish Jews of Macedonia—*The Congregationalist* 221

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1913. NUMBER 14.

TO A BABY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Coming like the morning star
From unfathomed realms afar;
Flower of mingled sowings vast
In the generations past;
Promise of a strength and peace
Which shall day by day increase,—
Baby! heir of all the earth
Art thou, by thy very birth!

Never in a happier day
Came a child on earth to stay:
All the comforts toil has wrought,
All the beauty art has brought,
Grace of every poet's song,—
All to thee by right belong;
While each year now counts as ten
In new benefits to men.

Walking where the light allures,
Wisdom, little one! be yours
To distill in coming years
Further balm for human fears,
Adding thy few hopeful grains
To the harvest Love attains,
Leaving earthly paths more sweet
In the passing of thy feet.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

A correspondent asks UNITY to give the address of *The Christian Life* that issued the notable Commemoration Number, celebrating the centennial of Unitarian freedom in England noticed in a recent issue of UNITY. We regret the omission of this information and gladly supply it here: *The Christian Life,* 5 Fetterlane, London E. C.

In a recent competitive examination of high school students in which three hundred and twelve applicants contested, representing eighteen high schools in Chicago and thirty-three outside of the city, nine scholarships at the University of $120 each and twenty-eight honorable mentions, were awarded. The examinations included tests in Latin, Physics, English, History, German, Mathematics, Romance, Reading and effective speaking.

A significant volume to lawyers entitled "Cases on Constitutional Law," is soon to appear from the University of Chicago Press from the hand of James Parker Hall, Dean of the Law School. He is also the efficient secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Corporation,—an appropriate combination. Religion must make common cause with law if it is to command the respect of the growing mind of the Twentieth Century, and none the less must law recognize its highest expression in terms and principles of religion if it is to hold the confidence of the thoughtful.

The Senior Class of the University of Chicago, it seems from a recent bulletin, is to present to the University, as a class gift, a bronze miniature of the campus to be mounted on a suitable pedestal on the lawn. It would seem as though this is rather an unnecessary piece of expense. Why not mount a placard with the legend: "He who would know the Campus of the University of Chicago, will please look around. Here it is!" We believe that in all seasons of the year, summer or winter, spring or fall, the thing itself will be more interesting than a bronze counterfeit of the same.

The United Charities of Chicago has recently been under the fire of the critics. The charge has been extravagant expenditure in the management, or, rather, unnecessary elaboration of machinery, "too much red tape." No more respectful recognition of the people's right to investigate, and of the institution's readiness to receive instruction, could be offered than the election of Professor Charles R. Henderson, the head of the Practical Sociology Department of the University of Chicago, as president of the United Charities Board. Professor Henderson is recognized at once by all who know him as being a man not only profoundly versed but as profoundly devoted to rendering academic conclusions in terms of public weal and civic progress. Professor Henderson is a man cast in Lincoln-like molds and he comes to his resemblance by right of physical descent as well as of spiritual affiliation. The United Charities of Chicago reported last year a budget of $271,000, a great sum thrown into a great need. How to reduce the need, not to increase the subscriptions, is the finest problem to which our friend, everybody's friend, Professor Henderson is to apply himself.

Of the many centennial celebrations that are occurring this year in the history of progressive thought and modern development, there is scarcely one more quaint and suggestive than the Centenary of Unitarianism in India. It seems from a circular at hand, that Mr. William Roberts, after a careful first hand study of the Jewish Scripture, came to a Unitarian understanding of the same and out of his own resources of mind and purse, he built a chapel in Kil-

pauk, Madras, in which to preach his new found gospel. In due time the chapel was reinforced with a parsonage. In 1862 the original William Roberts died and was buried in the cemetery he provided for his chapel, and a youngest son by the same name, took up his father's work, which continued until 1902 when at the ripe age of eighty-two he laid down his work. After twenty years of lay service he was ordained to the ministry by the Rev. Charles A. Dall of blessed memory, missionary of the American Unitarian Association to India, and still another son, Rev. S. T. Roberts, continued the work of father and grandfather until 1905, and now D. H. Roberts, Honorable Secretary and Treasurer of the Unitarian Church, Pursewalkum, Madras, appeals to the Unitarian friends everywhere for help to continue the work of his ancestors and the cause of the Unitarian friends in the land of the Hindus. He solicits correspondence at the above address.

Another Unitarian Tempest in Boston

T. W. Higginson, in one of his pungent, fact laden essays, has written upon the conservatism of college men, in which he argues that the universities have generally been on the wrong side or at least on the halting side of all reforms during the heroic periods of the same. Of course, what is true of the cultured is still more sadly true of the "pious," using that term to represent the guardians of organized and instituted religion. The priests, to whom we give an honorable place in the life of the race, have been proverbially backward looking and backward pulling elements in human thought. The "deacons" have always been the menace and the torture of the thinking parsons and the "objectors" are proverbially found in the "Amen corners" of our churches.

A characteristic and altogether regrettable illustration of this principle has recently been developed among the Unitarian representatives in Boston. Alas! this is none the less deplorable or surprising because it is the last of many such evidences of timidity on the part of those who rightfully boast of a large proportion of the culture, integrity, academic maturity and "blue blood" of Boston. Some years ago some of the younger and livelier element in the Unitarian ministry clamored for a deeper study and a more active propagation of religion as applied to the social and economic problems of the day, and so the "Department of Social and Public Service" was organized and a place was made for this branch of American Unitarian Association work in the great Anniversary Week of the Boston calendar. Establishing a custom, which was becoming a tradition, this organization was wont to hold a significant meeting on the Sunday evening introducing the "May Meetings" in the Arlington Street Church, which is the Cathedral Church of Unitarianism in America, so far as the Unitarian faith and movement can achieve or tolerate a cathedral. It is the church that conserves the sacred traditions of Channing, Ezra Stiles Gannett, the Wares, Brooke Hereford, and the pulpit is now graced by one who worthily wears the name of Fotheringham, another name to conjure by in Boston. The church is beautiful in architecture, popular and wealthy in its standing. In every way it was fitting that this great new movement that is transferring religious discussions and religious practice from a theological to a sociological basis and inspiration, should here find its freest and fullest expression during the annual "coming up of the tribes" to this Unitarian Jerusalem. Of course the fitting program for this Department of Social and Public Service involved the discussion of the high questions found on the skirmishing line of progress and of course high questions on those lines are always hot questions. This year the guardians of the Arlington Street Church, halted, hesitated and, as is the psychological law under such circumstances, for a time evaded. They offered secondary excuses, but finally frankly faced the issue and finally declined the use of the church, and advised these young agitators to seek some more fitting place and perhaps time. They withheld their church on the score that they deemed something more *religious* the fitting thing for Sunday evening. There has been the usual accompaniment of hot words and perhaps unjustifiable recrimination and misunderstandings. Arrangement was promptly made by which the meeting was held at Ford's Hall, a place of meeting under the Baptist control and with Baptist affiliations. Honorable and representative speakers in the interest of Woman Suffrage, Single Tax and Socialism were heard. Of course, they spoke to a greatly augmented audience, one with quickened ears, more alert minds and with a greater zeal in the "high propaganda of civic righteousness."

All this is only one more incident in the history of advance in every age and cause. The only surprising thing about it is, to those who live beyond the boundaries, that such a thing should happen in Boston and among the Unitarians, the "emancipated" proteges of Harvard College.

But to the initiated on the inside there is nothing very surprising about this. It is Boston's way. For this very same church was denied for the funeral service of the brave and scholarly Charles Follen, the friend of Channing, and we believe a devout attendant upon his ministry, because forsooth he espoused the vulgar and dangerous cause of abolition. But though the church was refused for the funeral service, on the Sunday following the brave pastor asserted his right to his own pulpit and delivered the classic address upon the gracious, gentle reformer. But the heart of Channing was bruised and the sensitive soul never fully recovered. His voice was heard but few times after that in his own pulpit. The same pulpit was closed for many years to the son of the revered successor of Channing. Ezra Stiles Gannett was already wearing the aureole of a saint and still alive in that pulpit but the worthy son of a noble father was for

years considered unfit to stand in the pulpit of Arlington Street Church on Sunday because of his unsoundness of faith.

But why dwell upon the sad story of this unconfessed conservatism not of Unitarians or of Boston, but of the outward guardians of the sanctities of every confession and of every age. It is a sad and revealing story that includes the proscriptions of Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Pierpont, Theodore Parker, Francis Abbot, O. B. Fotheringham, John Weiss, W. J. Potter, the origin and the early days of the Free Religious Association and "The Issue in the West."

But from this impiety the pious among the Unitarians have shown commendable powers of recovery. In Boston they have surely "stoned their prophets," but they have not thrown very big stones and they threw them so gently that they did not hurt them very much and they have been more prompt in garnishing their tombs than has been the habit of Christendom elsewhere. The excluded were better Unitarians than the excluders, and these young men who were shut out are by common consent regarded as more representative of the Unitarians of today than the older men who shut them out. It was not the "Denomination," nor yet the A. U. A., nor, we would fain believe, the Arlington Street Church, nor its Minister, but certain representatives of these organizations that asked for some more religious program for a Sunday evening, than the open discussion of the great issues mentioned above.

If "Socialism," "Single Tax," and "Woman's Suffrage" are portentous clouds, surcharged with electricity, it is the part of the church and its ministers, Franklin like, to send up the steel-pointed kite that will catch the electricity, draw it to earth in harmless and life giving currents, and thus avoid the devastating lightning and the deafening thunder. UNITY extends its sympathy, co-operation and congratulations to the younger men, and more sympathy and condolence to the older men who blundered once more. If the present writer knows himself, he belongs with the younger men, but having successfully lived through several such "tempests" and having witnessed the steady and sure growth of the suspected truth, we perhaps study the situation with more calmness than some of the younger brothers. While suspicious of labels along sociological lines, as we are of labels along theological lines, believing that they often misrepresent more than they represent, exclude more than they include, we confess our great interest in the discussions and for the major part, the conclusions, represented by the excluded speakers and we believe that even Boston Unitarians are hopeful missionary ground. In the future as in the past they will move along and keep within hailing distance. Next year or the year after that, the Arlington Street Church will be offered to the Department of Social and Public Service. And that too, is "Boston's way."

A Lincoln Centre Farm

About forty years ago the pastor of an All Souls Church in Janesville, Wisconsin, led several 'bus loads of Sunday School children on an eight-mile ride through rich and beautiful farming country to picnic on the shores of Clear Lake, a little bowl full of clean water, rimmed with charming grass grown slopes and shading trees. It was two miles from no-place then, it is largely so now, still eight miles from a saloon, surrounded by peace-loving, truth-loving, prosperous farmers, most of them still of the Seventh Day Baptist persuasion. Milton, the college town, of this school-supporting denomination in the West, is only three miles away. When two years ago, the Abraham Lincoln Centre workers in Chicago, touched by the needs of the city-bound boys and girls who went in and out the Lincoln Centre, sought camp release and joys for some of them, they found it was easier to find the money than it was to find the place. All the clean water and available beaches, every beauty spot touched with Lake or river, within a hundred miles, has been seized by the wealthy. There was left scarcely one of the beautiful lakes in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin wherein a thirsty steer could go and get a drink, or a weary tramp could go and wash his feet, still less where a live boy could go in swimming without the consent of a millionaire.

But the Head Resident of the Lincoln Centre remembered that beauty picnic ground of his early pastorate, and through the guidance of some of his old Janesville parishioners, he found himself again on the shore of that modest, sweet, restful little "Clear Lake." It has still preserved its rural qualities. It was too small to attract the wealthy and in a country too "dry" to attract the thirsty, and so the "Clear Lake Camp" was established through the generosity of the friends of the city bound boys and girls. For two seasons they have gone from the Lincoln Centre, properly chaperoned, in relays of twenty to thirty each for two weeks' outing, two relays of boys and two of girls.

"Is there to be a Camp this year?" became a besetting question early in May and the uncertainty of ownership and the necessarily unsatisfactory outlay of time and money, in the hand-to-mouth arrangement, led to some adventurous inquiries. The Head Resident was sent on a real estate investigation. "Uncle Rose," the venerable owner, the unsuccessful exploiter of a summer resort in the long ago, had grown to love every tree and shrub. It was his summer shrine and escape and all attempts to dispossess him by money had proved a failure. But "Uncle Rose" had

also learned to love the boys and girls, to enjoy their enjoyment and to find much companionship through the men and women who brought the little ones to his beach.

And so, to make a charming short story, shorter, through the generosity of two mothers of the Lincoln Centre fellowship, and devoted workers in the new "All Souls Church" that is the direct spiritual child of that "All Souls Church" in Janesville of long ago, a little farm of from forty to fifty acres of ground, perhaps half of which is tillable, with a shore line of over half a mile, is coming into the possession of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Corporation. The $6,000 cash in hand is provided. On Decoration Day, and no sweeter use of the day could have been made, the Head Resident of the Lincoln Centre, the Superintendent of the Building, the treasurer of Lincoln Centre Corporation and the Chairman of the Camp Committee, visited the ground. The leading citizens of the little village of Milton Junction met them with their automobiles, whisked them around to show them what pretty homes and prosperous business are possible in a town where there are no saloons, and then landed them on the newly acquired "Lincoln Centre Farm," where they picnicked and walked around this "Promised Land" for Chicago children. They rested on the shores of that little lake of a hundred acres, and dreamed of the wrecking of the old "hotel," the reconstruction of the material into a comfortable cottage for a kindly care-taker and his wife and maybe babies, who will stay there all the year round, making the ample garden, tending to the four or more pretty jersey cows that the neighbors say can be sustained on the little farm, and the good horse "Darby," or maybe "Joan," the little, but up to date barn to house them, the summer kitchen and adjoining dining room, the sleeping shacks, made permanent with boards, wire and cement with the necessary accommodations for the chaperones, a possible pavilion where, on rainy days, they may gather round the open fire and sing and dance, listen to reading and engage in conversation, and on the prettiest point of all, a little well equipped "Mothers' cottage" of five or six rooms, winter proof, where at any time, summer or winter, the tired mother with a sick baby can escape for one or six weeks' refuge, at a minimum cost, or no cost at all, as the case may demand. All this and more is in the dream.

Now there is nothing there but just a dot of water in a beautiful landscape, an old building to be wrecked, the long memory of the Janesville pastor, the short memory of a hundred and fifty to two hundred boys and girls who have washed their feet in the clean water and learned to "swim like ducks," and the long hopes of successive generations of unborn children who will learn the sanitaries and the sanities of life for a few days in the year at least at the Lincoln Centre Farm. These children of the future, the unborn victims of a smoky, dirty, ever increasing Chicago, will grow up to call these two mothers blessed, who in 1913 snatched from the commercial world, this beauty spot, to be a haven to the weak, the sick and the young, of the over-crowded city.

But there is nothing but the land and water yet. The cottages and the shelters are to be built. There is an abundant gravel pit right at hand on the ground. There is the experience of the Tower Hill makers, there is the growing needs of children, and we believe the answering generosity of those who have money waiting wise and high investment.

Among the citizens who greeted the delegation on Decoration Day to assure them of a welcome and of local co-operation, was the pastor of the Catholic church of the little town. He came to assure us of his co-operation and when the "Head Resident" from Chicago said: "We will need your help. We will send you some boys and girls," he said: "O, I have them already. Twenty or more of your boys and girls of last year were coming to me." And to the neighbor whose kindly offices along with those of "Uncle Rose," have made the two summer outings gone and the future hopes possible, he said: "Tell Mr. Jones I can find him a good man and his wife to take charge of the place when he gets it fixed."

It is not so far from Rome to Jerusalem after all, at Clear Lake, for it must ever be remembered that the first initiative generosity that made the undertakink possible was from a Jewish hand in Chicago.

Now are there not friends of children and friends of Lincoln Centre up there in Wisconsin, and elsewhere outside of Chicago, who are willing to co-operate with the really very busy, oftentimes overworked, and always seriously taxed workers at the Lincoln Centre, who will lend a hand and help? Who will build a cottage? What town out of Chicago will put a dormitory there for the children? Who will help build the little barn? Erect perhaps the pavilion? Here is a chance for an "Act of Faith" based on the fundamental beliefs in the holiness of pure air, the sanctity of clean water, and the fellowship of the Out-of-Doors reaching from Janesville to Chicago and beyond, but never going beyond the sanctities of life, the providence of the All Father, which grows tender when it reaches the loving hearts and the willing hands of his human children.

Edward Everett Hale, our Peace Nester

The hour is at hand, Dr. Hale used often to repeat in his last days, when a nation which has a secretary of war and no secretary of peace will not be worthy of international society. I think that if he were here

today he would say that we have in our secretary of state a true secretary of peace. Nothing could be more inspiring or fortifying to workers for international justice and friendship than the noble utterances of Mr. Bryan during the last few weeks, and especially his addresses at the receptions in New York and Washington of the British peace delegation; and nothing could exceed in malignity and meanness the disparagements of these speeches by our partisan press. While, in the clear discharge of his official duty, he was welcoming the British delegates with a dignity and warmth which won from every British heart the deepest gratitude and admiration, these newspapers were crying that he should hold his tongue. When at the critical hour in California he went there by the President's desire to secure the delay so necessary for the moment, they cried that he should have stayed at home unless able by going to remove the trouble; while President Jordan and the rational men on the ground who understand the situation unite in testimony that the simple fact of his going was the signal proof of the serious concern of the national administration, which the exigency especially required. Lord Rosebery has just censured in England with solemn emphasis the ruthless press which by its sensational utterances in recent times has done so much there to precipitate international calamity—and these same American newspapers have had for these salutary words of the English statesman their applauding amen. Mr. Bryan, with far greater provocation, has rebuked our own mendacious and indecent press for the mischief it has made and has exulted in making, by fanning the fire against Japan in the midst of the delicate negotiations for peace; and newspapers not indecent, but steeped in partisanship, have been willing to swell the chorus demanding again that he should hold his tongue and in time of stress not "cringe" to Japan, but bluster of our readiness for war, as becomes a proud people! He has rebuked the gross commercialism behind our modern militarism, of which everywhere we are being furnished such appalling revelations—again to be told that he should hold his tongue. But prate as the partisan may, our secretary of peace has surely the simple confidence that the plain people are with him, as their President is with him also.

As concerns the last point mentioned, the vested interests in the war system and the monstrous armaments of the nations today, I cannot forget that the same condemnation pronounced by Mr. Bryan was pronounced by Dr. Hale in the last letter which he ever wrote me, a letter written the Sunday before he died. His experience in Washington had taught him as it taught Justice Brewer, who so solemnly discussed the situation in his last great address upon "The Peace Mission of the United States," that, as the latter put it, "the capital of the country is being gradually transformed into a military and naval center," and that the pressure of professional militarism and great commercial interests in behalf of the portentous naval increases of the time are becoming no less potent there than in London, Paris and Berlin; and upon this great and growing danger he urged his fellow-workers to focus their attention. His last word at Mohonk was a plea for the arrest of armaments.

It was against such insidious menaces that the revered Nestor of our peace cause warned us. It was against these that he ever stood guard, in Washington or in Boston, the vigilant and faithful watchman on the walls of the national commonwealth; while he was ever confident, in his splendid optimism, based upon the firm faith that this is God's world, in the sure and even speedy triumph of the great constructive international measures which are the distinguishing mark and glory of our age, and whose issue shall be the organization of the family of nations after the similitude of this family of states.

Edwin D. Mead.

From the Boston Herald of May 22, 1913.

Are Times Growing Better?

There is more money. There are more comforts, more schools, more telegraphs, more telephones, more railroads, more motor-cars. But is there more real content; more intelligence? Do men put more faithfulness in their daily toil? Does not the extreme division of labor weaken interest in it? See how many human lives are absorbed in obtaining a mere subsistence. How many leave the country and crowd into the city.

Have not people's wants increased faster than their incomes? Is not he poor whose wants exceed his income? Do not wise men simplify the lower that they may enrich and expand the higher life?

There are smaller families but, is there more affection? There is more skill, but are there not more diseases? There is more travel, but do men see as much as Thoreau or John Burroughs? There is more reading but do our young men and women love and read the best books? These are some of those questions that must come to all thoughtful minds. Of course there is another side, but is it not best to look on both sides? JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

Said the biped to the worm,
"I can crush you with my finger;"
Said the worm unto the man,
"Why, then, linger?—
But remember 'ere you put
Threat to execution,
But for me you would not be,—
So says Evolution!"

ALTHEA A. OGDEN

FRANCIS DAVID

Pleading for Liberty and Toleration in Religion at the Diet of Torda, in 1568

By William C. Gannett

The original picture, shown in miniature above, was painted by the Hungarian artist, Köröföi-Kriesch Aladár, by order of the Town-Council of Torda, when Hungary, in 1896, was preparing to celebrate its millennial. One thousand years before, the fierce warrior Huns had invaded and conquered the land. In all that thousand years Torda found nothing to be so proud of by nineteenth-century estimate as her day-star proclamation of peace and good-will in religion.[1]

The incident which the picture commemorates lights the close of the great Reformation days somewhat as Luther's deed at the Diet of Worms lights their beginning. Luther at Worms, in 1521, voiced the rising protest against certain doctrines and practices of Rome. Francis David at Torda, in 1568, pleading for liberty and toleration in religion, became the voice of a principle more fundamental than any doctrine whatever,—a principle at that time considered so deadly a heresy that the few who dared stand for it were banned and hunted by Catholic and Protestant alike as emissaries of Satan. It is a principle with which the ideals of our Liberal Faith have long been identified, though not without lapses in practice,—lapses that soon are regretted by all; and Francis David, one of its Reformation apostles, is a hero of ours who has not yet come to his own. No Luther or Calvin was he. No great reconstruction of faith bears his name. By the accidents of history he even stands secluded behind Servetus and Socinus, the two well-known Unitarian figures of the Reformation. But in openness of mind, in loyalty to truth wherever it leads, in justice to opponents, in the tolerant spirit, he was nobler than Luther, far nobler than Calvin, and nobler perhaps than either of his two fellow-believers. No picture with greater fitness can hang on the walls of Unitarian Parish Houses to symbolize the contribution which the Liberal Faith has made to Christianity than this picture of David at Torda in 1568.

But if fully and frankly interpreted, it will recall a story of our shame as well as our glory. Not twelve years from that day at Torda David died in a dungeon, a martyr to his advancing Unitarianism, and—this is the shame and surprise—pushed on towards that martyrdom by the hands of Unitarians themselves, men who had halted just one step behind him in heresy! The pathos of the story of David lies in this fact. To dwell on the fact is to stigmatize not so much men as their age. That glowing moment was but a prophetic *instant*. One moment the star Toleration gleamed out in the darkness,—then vanished. The picture on our walls would be for our warning as well

1. The print of which the above is a much reduced copy is a handsome reproduction, measuring 48 by 36 inches. Arrangements have been made with the publishers in Buda-Pesth, by which copies will be sent from Boston, safely rolled, for $6.00 each, including the duty and postage. Address the Publication Department of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

as our inspiration. All the more give it place! If ever again among us theologic or social issues rise on which good men differ, and ministers and people are tempted to part and churches to split, this picture with its double reminder might well help to keep both sides forbearing and tolerant; both mindful that there are ranges of truth not yet made one's own; both loyal to the ideal of the Liberal Faith, which is not an ideal of Freedom alone, but of something much higher and harder,—of Freedom *with Fellowship*.

To find the folk who still look to David as their prophet somewhat as we look to Channing and Parker and Emerson, we must go to the little mountain-land, Transylvania, grottoed among the Carpathian Alps, in the extreme southeastern corner of Hungary. Just over those Alps lie the Balkan Provinces, freed at last from the grip of the Turk. This is the land of the Szeklers, of whom some seventy or eighty thousand are our fellow-Unitarians. There are a hundred and sixteen churches of them with pastors, and some fifty or more little folds that are shepherdless. They make the oldest group of Unitarians in Christendom —"our Waldenses," some one has called them, because a humble folk, a mountain folk, and a martyr folk, who from their founder David's time well nigh to our own have suffered persecution for their faith. This relic Church, hidden in space and in time, and almost forgotten by Christendom, was rediscovered by western Europe only about a hundred years ago. Such a mite of a relic it is, such a tiny bit of the true Cross; and so oddly different from anything that *we* think of as "Unitarian"! In numbers, not four-tenths of one per cent of Hungary's population; in race, cousin to Magyar, to Finn, and to Turk; in occupation, farmers and miners; in origin, old as the Reformation; in experience, akin to martyrs and Jews; in piety, wont to attend public worship every morning before going to the field from the villages, and twice on a Sunday; in church-government, Presbyterian, but with a bishop. The mind of an easy-going, Boston-born, Harvard-bred Unitarian finds it hard to realize all this as genuine "Unitarian." But these are the sturdy, primitive stock; it is *we* who are variations![2]

The little that we know about Francis David reveals him as one of the most fearless and tireless truth-seekers of that tumultuously truth-seeking age. By birth he was, of course, Roman Catholic; and he became, first, Lutheran, then Calvinist, then Unitarian, then a more radical Unitarian. Five successive positions in thought, the last of which cost him his life. No other of the early Reformers proceeded so logically, and so far, outward and onward from Rome. David's personal evolution of faith is an epitome of the whole Reformation. The story in brief is told here.[3]

The movement that we call "the Reformation" soon penetrated into Hungary, coming in with traders, and with students returning from German universities. There had long been a "Saxon" element in the population of upper Hungary and Transylvania, and the Roman Catholicism there was of a loose and liberal kind; so that many minds were ready to welcome the new teaching. The largest city, Kolozsvár, declared for it as early as 1540. Shortly before Luther's death in 1546, the Transylvanian Lutheran Church was organized; soon it was legalized; and by 1552, spite of all that the Catholics could do to prevent, it was accorded full rights with the Catholic Church, and elected a bishop of its own.

About this time David (the name contracted from Davidis, *i. e.*, Davidson) appears on the scene. An almost Galilean silence, longer than Jesus' thirty years, seems to brood over his early life. Born in Transylvania's capital, Kolozsvár, probably in 1510, the son of a shoemaker, he had been brought up in Catholic schools, and, when more than thirty years old, had been sent by Catholic patrons to Saxony to secure the additional training that his talents and promise seemed to demand,—sent, of all perilous places, to the University of Wittenberg, Luther's own city! If he arrived there, as we are told, in 1548, Luther himself had been dead two years, but Melancthon was still living and teaching. Calvin, not yet forty years old, was already head of Church and State in Geneva; and in five years more was to have Servetus burnt at the stake. Francis I of France, and Henry VIII of England, had died the year before; and England under her new boy-king was soon to be trying her first Protestant and English prayer-book. The Council of Trent had been three years in session; the Jesuits were starting forth on their ardent career; the first war of the many to be between Catholic and Protestant was just over, and the Emperor Charles V held the Elector of Saxony a prisoner. So the Reformation was well under way,—with the hundred years of tragedy and horror, its awful cost, unseen, unguessed, ahead. The ignorance being bliss, "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive!" Bliss and peril for a reformer.

But David as yet did not know himself to be that. No record remains of his studies in Wittenberg; but after three or four years he came home with enough of the old faith in him to take charge of a Catholic school and parish. It was his chrysalis stage. He belonged to a group of ecclesiastics in whom "modernist" views were rapidly ripening towards heresy, and who joined at last in a declaration setting forth that, while they wished to remain in the Roman communion, they could no longer acknowledge any authority but the teaching of Jesus, to whom they returned. When a Catholic bishop tried to silence the upstarts, the young priests threw off their robes and their allegiance, and openly allied themselves with the Lutherans. A deed typical of the time. David, evidently recognized as a leader, was at once invited to become director of the Lutheran school and preacher at Kolozsvár, the first bishop having died. All this by 1556. He was now forty-six years old, and had taken his first step forth from Rome.

But already Lutheran doctrines in Transylvania were yielding to Calvin's influence. David at first

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2. For a longer account of "Our Waldenses" and their Church, as they are today, see "Unity" for April 24, 1913.

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3. With essential accuracy, but doubtless with a few errors; for the English sources are scanty and fragmentary, and sometimes conflict in details. There is a "Life" of Francis David, by Alexis Jakab, in the Hungarian language, published in 1879, on the three hundredth anniversary of David's death. It is said to be written "with great insight and acumen," but is a sealed book to most of us; and little seems to have strayed out from it into other languages. Why will not some one give it to us in English?

Far the most helpful sources at my own command have been two many-paged letters,—one to the late Prof. Joseph H. Allen, and now preserved in the Harvard Divinity School Library,—the other to myself,—both kindly written by Prof. George Boros, dean of the theological college in Kolozsvár, and chief secretary of the Consistory of the Hungarian Unitarian Church.

defended the Lutheran view of the Eucharist,—that the Christ was really, though mystically, present in the bread and the wine of the sacrament; yet more and more the Calvinist view—that the Supper was but a symbol, and the Christ present only in the hearts of the communicants—appealed to him, as he listened to the arguments of its eager advocate, Melius. As an honest man, he quickly resigned his bishopric, pleading for mild words and mutual forbearance, and fondly hoping that a tolerant spirit would gradually bring minds together on Calvinist ground. "We do not wish," he writes, "to disturb anyone's conscience, but to harmonize consciences that are disturbed." For a little while there actually was a "union" between the two parties; but German patriotism on the one hand, and Melius's intolerance on the other, shattered the dream. It all hurt David deeply. As if with premonition of what this spirit would sometime cost him, he wrote: "It is in vain to threaten me; if it be God's will, I am ready to endure exile or any fate rather than deny truth I have come to see. Whatever happens to me, truth will come out victor." But not yet was fate ready to act. The tide was setting towards Calvinism; and when the "Saxons," who had already chosen a bishop all their own, actually disfellowshipped their rivals, Melius and David had nothing to do but organize a separate church, Magyar in members, Calvinist in faith. Accordingly they drew up a creed, the first creed formulated in the Magyar language; their Church was legalized by the Diet; and Francis David again became bishop,—now a Calvinist bishop. Eight years more had passed; it was 1564.

The Calvinist triumph in its turn soon passed into exclusion. Melius influenced the Diet to expel Roman Catholic priests from the land; and adherents of the Greek Church were also dismissed. Such high-handed intolerance was thoroughly repugnant to David. He was zealous for evangelical truth, but his heart also throbbed with evangelical love. And love quickened vision. The narrow limits of salvation as planned by Calvin's "Institutes," and especially the terrible dogma of predestination, waked in him grave doubts of the whole system of which this was so vital a part. Again he began to hear truth-voices within, which bade him go forward.

Just about this time a new doctrine, simple but strange, was quietly finding its way into Transylvania from Poland, brought by the Italian court physician, Blandrata. Honest conviction and zeal had made Blandrata's flight, first out of Italy, and then out of Calvin's Geneva, expedient; and at that time the one safe sanctuary in Europe for fugitives of religion was Poland. There the physician won repute and sowed the seeds of his faith, till he was invited to Transylvania by the Queen-mother Isabella and her son, young Prince Sigismund. They liked well the keen-thinking, smooth-speaking man, and did not fear his belief. The belief claimed a solid basis on Scripture, on which all Christian doctrines had to be based at that time; and it was more rational in its ideas, more ethical in its emphases, and far more tolerant in its spirit, than either of the three systems that David thus far had known. It was the faith, or the unfaith, allied to the worst error of Jew and of Turk, that God was not threefold in nature and person, but One. Blandrata recognized David's talent for popular leadership. The thought came, "If once converted, why not he for the leader in my reform?" Under his influence David, already restless in Calvinism, began to see new lights in old texts. His mind moved rapidly forward. "Did the Bible assert the distinct personality of the Holy Ghost?" David could not find the passages. One day—it was now 1566—happening into a class-room at the College, he heard one of his professors explaining the doctrine of God in the usual trinitarian way,—God should be worshipped as one in essence, three in persons. David interrupted: "God is spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit." That one word, so tense was the time, was enough, and the perilous question opened wide. Hot discussion concerning the doctrine of the Trinity broke out among the professors; and, as usual, David found himself, not only in the party of advance but swept to its front. He was soon maintaining that the doctrine of the Trinity was nowhere to be found in the Scripture, but came from the scholastics. Again, therefore, the bishopric had to be laid down, his third faith being outgrown.

A war of texts and invective began. Melius, his old ally, was furious. In all the religious controversies of that day Bible-texts were the stones of the slingers, and David, true to his name, was a mighty man in their use. "It was his way to explain Scripture by Scripture, and he seemed to have both Old and New Testaments at his finger-ends. Of the Calvinists and Lutherans no one could stand before him:" so wrote a Jesuit father of the time to his Superior. But so great were the odds, so many the host of Philistines, that it might have gone hardly with David, had not the open-minded and tolerant John Sigismund, Prince of Transylvania, invited him to the royal residence to become his court preacher. The invitation was doubtless due to Blandrata, the court physician. Here at the court he could boldly preach the new doctrine as fast as it opened in his mind. And not only preach it; with aid from the Prince a folio volume of his sermons was printed, in which the Unitarian system was fully set forth. The year 1567 dates the open propaganda. As the rumor spread through the land, great was the upstir. Could this be Bible truth? And might men safely profess it? Would it be tolerated by law? Lutheranism had been legalized; Calvinism had been legalized; would this belief—everywhere in Christendom, save by a few thinkers in Poland, regarded as atheism—would this be legalized, too? Only the National Diet could decide. And so we have reached the moment represented in our picture. The Diet assembled at Torda on the sixth of January, 1568.

The artist has idealized the scene a little; nor could he well do otherwise. For the place of the meeting he has chosen a setting that suggests the old Mother-Church, its shadows shot through by the rising sun of Reformation. No portrait, perhaps no description, of David exists. At such moment his face may well have shone, as we see it, with light from within as well as by rays from without; but at fifty-eight years of age he could hardly have been the aged and saintly ascetic to whom the painter has given the beautiful countenance. Many or all of the prominent figures are historical. On the dais at the left sits Prince Sigismund, still officially Lutheran, but already much inclined to his preacher's new doctrine. He sits be-

tween his young nephews, the Bathory brothers, of Catholic faith, who in turn are to occupy his throne after his death. That gentle-faced boy on his right is the one who will be sending our white-haired pleader to prison before very long. Behind these stands the court physician, Blandrata, his arms folded, and looking solidly satisfied. In the dim beyond him is a group of Lutheran clergy, among them the venerable Alesius, once royal chaplain. The man at the end of the table behind David is the Chancellor Csàky. The one turning the leaves of a book is Gaspard Heltai, the translator of the Bible into Hungarian, and the book, of course, is the Bible,—the white heart of the Diet; for the whole Reformation centers around the Bible, and the artist properly gives it the high light in his picture. Heltai and one of David's ministers are verifying the texts on which David is basing his argument. Standing between the benches on the right is a Catholic priest, and by his side the Calvinist Melius,—hot enough foes to each other, but side by side as regards David; they appear in the picture only by artist's privilege to typify historic forces of the time, but neither was really present. Behind them are the Szekler and Magyar aristocracy, and, in front of the benches, the higher Estates, most of them Calvinist; but we see some of the latter, Gaspard Békes among them,—he who would have been the Prince's Unitarian successor instead of the Catholic Bathory, had the Prince had his way,—leaping to their feet with enthusiasm as the eloquent orator pleads for the widening of liberty and toleration in religion. The moment is apparently the close and climax of the discussion. All in the picture are listening intently, every eye fastened upon David's face.

The Edict won by his eloquence is said to have passed the Diet by unanimous vote. Translated, it reads: "His Royal Highness, as in former Diets, so in this now present, confirms that ministers of the Gospel may everywhere preach and explain it, each according to his own understanding; and the community may accept or reject the teaching as it thinks good. No force may be used to compel acceptance against conviction. Congregations are allowed to have each the preacher they wish. Preachers shall not be molested, nor anyone persecuted, on account of religion; no one is permitted to remove from office, or to imprison, anyone because of his teaching. Faith being the gift of God, which comes by hearing, and the hearing through the Word of God." What can sound stronger, broader, nobler than that?

Yet to claim for this Edict the full glory of its words may be to idealize it somewhat as the painter idealizes the face of David; for, to judge by what followed, what was *meant*, however it sounds, was not liberty absolute, toleration complete, but only equal liberty for the prominent faiths up to that time developed in Transylvania in the Protestant movement, —Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, and now the new faith, unchristened as yet,[4] of those professing One God. These four were henceforth to be the "religions received" in Transylvania. But even this was a most wonderful stretch of toleration for those days; probably the widest known in Christian history up to that time; and so wide that in most Christian lands, whether Catholic or Protestant, its like was no more than dreamed of for generations to come. When we remember what the Inquisition was doing in the Netherlands in this very year, 1568;[5] and that St. Bartholomew's Massacre in France was only four years away; and that Protestant leaders, German, French, Swiss, all but the Italian refugees, chorused approval of Calvin for burning Servetus,—even the mild Melancthon writing, "I entirely assent; the Church in all generations will owe you a debt of gratitude;" and that Shakespeare may have watched heretics burning or drowning in England; and that fifty years after Shakespeare's death English prisons were crowded with Quakers and Baptists,—when we remember these things, whatever rebate to praise may be needed, glory enough belongs to Transylvania and Torda and Prince Sigismund for their Edict of Toleration in 1568.

In its own kind the Edict preceded by four years the somewhat similar Declaration of Cracow (1572), giving Protestants, including Unitarians, equal rights with Catholics in Poland; by six years the first Polish Unitarian Confession of Faith (1574), which condemned all temporal punishment and persecution of dissidents; and by thirty-seven years the famous Socinian Catechism of Rakow, of which "the main-spring is the principle of liberty in religion." Faustus Socinus, who had all but completed this Catechism at his death in 1604, has been called "the father of modern toleration;" and perhaps deservedly called so, because his influence so widely and so thoroughly identified Socinianism with that principle that the two things became known and hated as one. But in toleration as in theology Faustus was heir to his uncle, the other Socinus; and, besides Laelius Socinus, Cas-

4. The name "Unitarian" has been diligently sought, but as yet nowhere found before 1600,—then found only as an adjective, "*unitaria religio*," in a decree of the Transylvanian Diet at Lécsfalva. This official use in a decree makes it more than likely, however, that it had been used before by others, if not by the body itself; while the fact that it is not found earlier, among the many names and nicknames applied to the new faith, suggests that it was only *beginning* to come into use at that time. It is quite unlikely that it was ever heard of in David's time. "We have the texts of the 1568 and 1571 Diets; we have some works of Melius."—David's abusive opponent, sure to pick up and fling a good stoning epithet; "we have quite a number of David's own works; we have letters which he circulated as bishop of the fourth legalized religion. He never calls himself bishop of the 'Unitarian' churches. I have tried with my best power, and can find no trace of the name before 1600." (Prof. Boros.) In the year 1638, in the *Complanatio Decsiana* it was used in such a way as to become thenceforth the authorized name of the Church. "At this point appears for the first time in history a document with the heading *Confessio Fidei Secundum Unitarios*." (Principal Alexander Gordon.) But for a long time after that it was a name avoided rather than loved,—perhaps from association with Islam. The preferred term was *Unum Deum profitentes*, or some variation or equivalent of this,—this term being common in Magyar as well as in Latin. Nicknames, invented by enemies, were many. It may be added that the preferred terms clearly indicate the purely theologic meaning of the name. The idea that in its origin it had anything to do with *Uniti* or *Unio*—a "union" of those professing differing beliefs—rose from a guess of the eighteenth century historian, Bod, and seems to be wholly without foundation in fact. (Thus both Boros and Gordon.)

5. "Upon the 15th of February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned *all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics*. From this universal doom only a few persons, especially named, were excepted. A proclamation of King Philip II, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution. . . . Three millions of people, men, women and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines. . . . Under this new decree the executions certainly did not slacken. Men in the highest and the humblest positions were daily and hourly dragged to the stake. Alva, in a single letter to Philip, coolly estimated the number of executions which were to take place immediately after the expiration of Holy Week, 'at eight hundred heads.'" (Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Vol. 2, pp. 158, 159.)

6. Ruffini, in his recent "History of Religious Liberty," brings out very clearly that the principle of liberty and toleration in religion was the *Italian* contribution to the Reformation,—the Reformation that was so completely crushed out in Italy itself; a fine example of the reparations of history! Nearly all the earliest advocates of the principle—Castellio, Ochino, Acontio, Mino Celso and the two Socini—were "humanist refugees" from the Italian side of the Alps. Among all the Confessions and Churches of the Reformation, "to Socinianism alone belongs the glory of having, as early as the sixteenth century, made toleration a fundamental principle of ecclesiastical discipline, and of having determined, more or less immediately, all the subsequent revolutions in favor of religious liberty." (Ruffini, chapter vi.)

tellio and Ochino and Acontio and David were all its apostles earlier than he.[6] In 1568, the year of the Edict of Torda, Faustus was foreign secretary at the court of the Grand Duke Cosimo in Florence, his theological career yet to begin; he did not see Poland till after he had taken part in the preliminaries to the trial of David eleven years later, nor reach fame and influence there till considerably later than that. It may well be that his part in that trial, and his regret at its outcome, and the elaborate *apologia* he wrote to relieve himself from responsibility for it, had somewhat to do with the strong stamp of toleration that he impressed on his system. If this were so, David could hardly have advanced his cause better than by his death in the prison.

As for David himself, he seems to have been as broad and noble in spirit as the Edict would have been, had it meant all it said. Even Calvinist historians bear witness to his patience and moderation in controversy. Many things indicate that he was as truly David the peacemaker, David the apostle of toleration, as he was David the progressive in thought. He appears to have passed entirely beyond the idea of employing force to serve the cause of truth. To quote from words addressed to the Prince in one of his works: "We desire not only that our persecutors go unpunished, but that they be honored and rewarded; allowed to write and to teach against us, to condemn us, to do whatever they feel disposed against us." That phrase, "faith being the gift of God," was a favorite quotation with him, and suggests the probable plane and scope of his high argument. We can hardly go far wrong if we take the words of the Edict as giving the gist of his plea that day. The vote shows the impression it made; and most of the Diet, it is said, went home converts to David's now "received" faith.

(*To be continued in second instalment.*)

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

The Great Unknown

XIV

Text: Sing unto the Lord a new song,
And his praise from the end of the earth.
—ISAIAH, 42:10.

If in Obadiah we reach a low mark of Hebrew prophecy, in The Great Unknown, we strike another high mark and find a great, crucial, mind-clearing lesson. In the last 26 chapters of Isaiah we have reached the battle ground of the scholars, the storm center of theological controversy in the Protestant world. To reach the splendid power of this poet, the historical background which makes all clear, must be brought out.

The older scholars assumed that the 66 chapters into which we find the book of Isaiah divided were essentially the work of one time and one mind, the mind of the Isaiah shown by contemporary history to have lived in the eighth century and worked at the big problem of reformation which beset Josiah, the King. They believed that up to the fortieth chapter he was dealing with conditions around him, the problems of his day, but in the remaining chapters he shut his eyes to the present and the near, and foreseeing the captivity, the humiliation of his people, he foretold their rise in the far future,—800 years later,—and the coming of the "Servant of the Lord," the "Man of Sorrows," the "Christ," who was to redeem the world. The first part gives contemporary statesmanship and politics; in the last part the author is a foreteller and at the center of his prophecy is "the Christ," the "Man of Nazareth."

But the later scholars say that on the eve of Cyrus' triumph over Babylon, when hope was almost dead in the hearts of the Jewish captives on the banks of the Euphrates, when the older people said "Jehovah has forgotten us"; when the young people were naturally drawn to amalgamate with the Babylonians; then there appeared a poet who inspired them and renewed their faith, by singing for them the "Songs of the Exiles," which songs we find in these last chapters. Still later writers say that from the fortieth to the fifty-fifth chapter, inclusive, we have the songs of this unknown poet, and that the last ten chapters are clearly to be placed eighty years or more after the exiles had returned to Palestine, when they still needed and found a poet to keep up their courage.

One of the late books on this subject was written by J. E. McFadyen, a Presbyterian, Professor of Old Testament Language, Literature and Theology, in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. He calls chapters 40 to 55 "The Exiles' Book of Consolation." *The Message of the Bible,* edited by Professors Sanders and Kent, is another book of critical study of the subject; one author is a Congregationalist, the other a Baptist, and the view taken is that the Messiah to whom the Hebrew poet refers as appointed by Jehovah to bring hope to the exiles was the conqueror, Cyrus. If the dearest, tenderest and most holy faith of orthodoxy rests on Biblical foundation, this is what it comes to: Do the passages in these fifteen chapters contain a prevision of a "Christ" that was to come, and who did come five hundred or more years later in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary? Or were they written by a poet who wanted to steady and strengthen the hearts of the exiles, and said to cheer them, "Here comes this great Conqueror, Cyrus, just now on our border lines, moving westward, representing a brave heart, a large faith, and under him, through God, we are able to get back home and have another chance." Doubtless it will hurt a person trained in orthodoxy to find that the texts he has been taught to believe referred to the crucified Christ, really were the reflection of a contemporary on the hopeful signs represented by the advancing Cyrus.

There are many things the matter with the Church, today, but the chief is the deadlock between the preacher's study and the preacher's sermon, concerning these matters. Every man who goes to a theological school either in the United States or Europe, is perfectly conversant with this interpretation of these chapters of Isaiah. The schools of theology teach it, the books of orthodox scholars teach it.

Let us get at this *"Servant"* idea. Who is the "Servant of the Lord," the man who is to "bear our stripes?" Is it the Jewish nation which has suffered

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

OUR GREATEST WRONG

That the greatest wrong of our national life is the exploiting of the children in the interest of greed is once more emphasized by the report of the Census Bureau summed up as follows in *The Woman's Journal.*

One in ten of all the wage-earners employed in the manufacture of cotton is under 16 years of age, according to the Bulletin of Manufacturers just issued by the Census Bureau. The National Child Labor Committee points out that the textile industries are still the largest employers of children in factories, for this Bulletin, based on the census of 1910, shows 40,221 employed in the manufacture of cotton goods, 11,111 in hosiery and knitting mills, 9,942 in the woolen and felt industry, and 8,143 in silk factories. The Bulletin shows also 11,035 workers under 16 engaged in canning and preserving, and 78,951 scattered among 77 other manufacturing industries.

The largest percentages of factory workers under 16 are found in the South Atlantic States and Alabama; the next largest in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. And these figures do not include other great child-employing occupations such as mercantile establishments, messenger service, home-workers and street-trading.

In 23 glass factories visited by the committee's special agent, 874 boys between 14 and 16 were found employed. The agent says that out of every 100 boys under 16 who are permitted to do night work in glass factories, not more than four stand any chance of becoming skilled workmen.

Patriotism is not the highest of virtues. It is indeed a vice if it limits the sympathies to a part. Love for the whole is the sovereign virtue, and the patriotism is unworthy which is not subordinate to this, recognising that its only fitting work is to lead up to a love which embraces all.—*J. K. Hosmer,* from *The Last Leaf.*

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and is suffering in the interest of the true faith, or is it Cyrus, the liberal, progressive conqueror, or is it Jeremiah or some one of like spirit? The scholars find in these fifteen chapters four songs which form the root of the doctrine of *The Servant;* around these other compositions grew. They are:

1. Ch. 42:1-4—"Behold my servant whom I uphold,
My chosen in whom my soul delights;
I have put my spirit upon him,
He will set forth the law to the nations. . . . .
Faithfully will he set forth the law; . . . .
And for his instruction the far countries wait."

2. Ch. 49:1-6—"Hearken, ye far countries, to me, and listen, ye distant peoples,
Jahveh has called me from the womb, from my mother's lap has he celebrated my name; . . . .
He said to me: Thou art my Servant, in whom I will glorify myself, ...
So I set thee as a light of the nations, that my deliverance may be to the end of the earth."

3. Ch. 50:4-9—"The Lord Jahveh has given me the eloquence of his disciple,
That I may know how to revive the weary one with words of comfort,
In the morning he wakens mine ear
That I may hearken as his disciple. . . . .
Therefore am I not confounded. . . . ."

4. Ch. 52:13-53:12—"Verily my Servant shall do wisely,
He will rise, be exalted and be very high.
As on his account many were appalled
So will many in him take delight. . . . ."

The three different sections of the book of Isaiah represent respectively the eighth, sixth and fifth centuries. How did they become linked together under the name of Isaiah? The vicissitudes of manuscripts and the recklessness of time may account for it, or it may be that like so many other great documents this section of the great unknown had to creep into the world without a name in order that it might live at all, just as the "Ecce Homo" of Professor Seeley had to be published anonymously in order that it might be judged on its merits.

The average mind has become accustomed to the theory of the Bible being an inspired and unique work of the Almighty, and to a theory of the Atonement, which affirms that men have to be saved through the suffering of Jesus; so these four songs have become the strong proof-texts of the character of the Christ who offered himself an adequate atonement for sin. This unknown author touches the highest point of all the prophets, not because he foresaw a miraculous Saviour, but because he interpreted the universal law, —that the saviours of the world are the sufferers of the world, that every reformer takes our stripes for us. This is the noble truth which has been verified in history over and over.

Here, also, we come upon the first, straight, high statement of universalism in the Old Testament,—the recognition that the salvation which applies to the Jew must apply to the Mohammedan; the gospel that saves the Christian must save the pagan; must be big enough to hold both Catholic and Protestant.

QUESTIONS ON THE GREAT UNKNOWN

1. Why are these last chapters of Isaiah especially interesting?
2. What two views are there concerning these chapters?
3. What are the three sections into which the book of Isaiah is divided?
4. What is the root of "The Servant" idea?
5. What is the modern explanation of it?
6. Why were these poems written?
7. Explain the divergent ideas of the three sections.
8. What teaching of the Great Unknown marks him as highest of the prophets?

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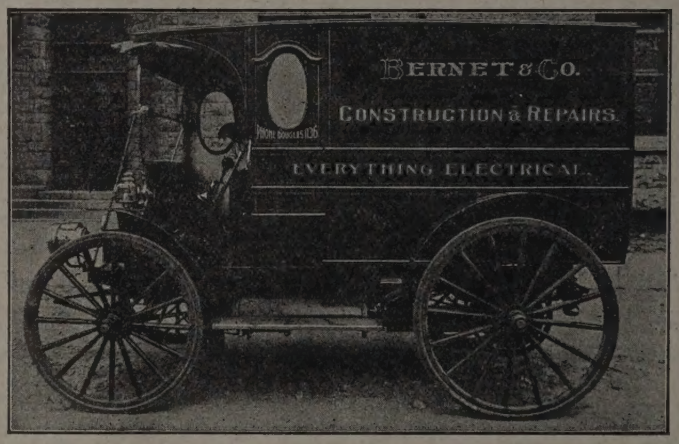

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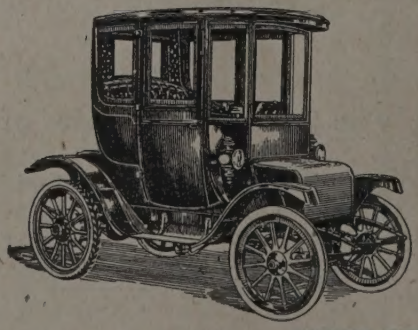

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